The Sage by Blue_Obsidian

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"Sage?"

"Yeah! It's like a really, really, smart person. Like you!"

1. The Mother

Wagamama Satoshi liked to think she was a decent person.

She wasn't.

She cared about people who weren't her.

She didn't.

And if she had any unhealthy indulgences, she would get rid of them as soon as possible.

She wouldn't.

And all of that finally came to a head the day she sold her own 2-year old daughter to a laboratory.

Wagamama Satoshi was 20 years old, with soft, petite, pale skin and sharp blue eyes with straight black hair. And a newly arrived immigrant from Japan. Bored of the lively and loud lifestyle that she was constantly subjected to in Tokyo, she decided to explore the world.

After all, her parents wouldn't notice if a couple hundred dollars suddenly went missing from their banks. They were rich, after all.

Which is why when Wagamama first arrived in America, she tried to find one of the most remote, calmest places she could find. A small community with a lack of party animals.

Which is why she chose Hawkins, Indiana. It was a quiet, unassuming town with tight-knit neighbors and a normal lifestyle. The town wasn't that wealthy, there weren't any clubs, there were bars, yes, but they were few and far between. And the craziest thing that had happened in the last 4 years was that someone once ran through the stress nude because they were drunk and high as a kite.

It was perfect.

Wagamama bought a small house near the border of Hawkins, secluded from most people. She moved in quietly, and only a few people came to greet her. There were no overwhelming, noisy, annoying neighbors. And for the people who did come to greet her, she had spotted them shopping around the town literally a day later.

It was small here, and it would probably take Wagamama roughly a year to meet everyone. And that's if Wagamama waited to meet them and didn't intentionally seek them out.

Unlike Tokyo, Wagamama could smoke in peace without anyone coming to bother her. She could probably devoid herself of social interaction for most of the year, which sounded like heaven. Wagamama did not like people, at all. She preferred to stay by

herself, socializing only when she wanted to. Which was almost never.

In spite of this, Wagamama would sometimes go out to bars. The residents were actually quite funny and pleasant to be around. Funny jokes, great storytelling, and delicious food. The bar near her home was the one exception to Wagamama's 'no-socializing' lifestyle.

In hindsight, she should've been realistic about how much liquor she could hold.

Because a few weeks after Wagamama had gotten blackout drunk, she had thrown up in her toilet. And two little pink lines ruined her life.

When two friends she had made at the bar, Birch and Abigail, had discovered she was pregnant, she was met with many congratulations and who the father was. Wagamama didn't really want to tell her she slept with a man she didn't even remember, because the two were the only decent friends she had ever had, and she surprisingly enjoyed their company. She didn't want to ruin her reputation over a baby she already hated. Unfortunately, that meant she couldn't do abortion.

So she lied and said she had a husband who was traveling abroad to support them and that they had decided they wanted a child. And her two friends believed it.

Wagamama was suddenly given a lot of attention she did not want. Constantly being pestered by strangers and nosy people. Being

pestered about questions and her name, whether it would be a Japanese one or a more Western themed one. Wagamama had already decided that she would name it a more Japanese name. After all, she already disliked her home country, who was tying a baby she hated to it going to hurt?

When Wagamama gave birth, she wanted to put the child up for adoption. Her family had finally changed their bank account password, which meant Wagamama was essentially poor for now. But, that would raise questions. While she disliked socializing for the most part, she didn't want people to hate her. Which meant she had to get a job. On top of taking care of a baby.

What an inconvenience.

Wagamama had been able to get a job as a cashier. It was a decent job with a decent wage.

Wagamama cringed when her newborn daughter looked up at its mother with pure love and adoration in its russet eyes it inherited from its grandfather and russet hair it inherited from its great grandmother. Wagamama felt her stomach twist. Not with guilt, no, but with disgust.

Wagamama put down some random name for the child's father for the papers for her child. She decided to name it Aiko, like her parents had considered naming her. She already hated them because they were selfish and uncaring. In a way, it all came full circle.

Wagamama wasn't cut out to be a mother. She knew that. She also

knew she had to wash and feed her child, so she did. She didn't do it well, but she did it anyway.

Wagamama's child was weird. It learned things way too fast. While most children said their first word around 1 years old, her child said it's first word around 5 months old. While most children learned to walk during ages 3 to 4, her child barely went through the crawling stage before it was walking fluently at 1. While most children needed an adult to help them bathe, Wagamama only had to do it before her child could do it on her own at one-and-a-half.

In all honesty, Wagamama was relieved to know that her child was so independent. It took a lot of weight off her shoulders. Her child was special, but not in a good way. It was unnatural with how it learned things so quickly, but Wagamama didn't mind.

Though it was quite creepy that it knew things *it shouldn't know*.

For example, one time she heard her child humming a radio tune. It wouldn't be so weird if Wagamama didn't have a radio and that was a song she had only heard once in the bar when she was pregnant.

In conclusion, her child was a freak.

Aiko was 2 when Wagamama found out about the MKUltra Project.

She was approached by Dr. Martin Brenner and offered a hefty sum to sell her daughter to a Project to 'help gifted children.' She had been on phone calls before with Abigail, talking about how her child was unusually fast at learning and knowing things, but she had no idea how he had found out about that. Maybe he just went around collecting random children.

But Wagamama saw an excuse to get rid of her child and get enough money to retire early and took it. She didn't even have to do anything, the CIA covered it up for her. She was quite lucky.

When Wagamama was 20, she moved to a new land to start a new life.

When Wagamama was 21, she made new friends and had built herself a steady reputation at the bar.

When Wagamama was 22, two pink lines ruined her life.

When Wagamama was 23, she discovered how much of a freak her child truly was.

When Wagamama was 24, a massive burden on her shoulders was lifted.

And when Aiko Satoshi 2, her life changed forever.

Notes for the Chapter:

This. This is self-indulgent as hell.

I am finally branching out into other fandoms at last. I'm not leaving behind BNHA, I just wanted to make this really, really bad. I apologize to my BNHA followers.

Aaaand, ladies and gents, meet the neglectful, hypocritical Wagamama! One of the worst mothers and a generally horrible person. She's also quite contradictory sometimes. Fun fact: Wagamama means Self-Indulgent/Selfish, which is perfect for this character! Also, did how notice how Wagamama never referred to Aiko as she/her? Wagamama always called Aiko an 'it', which honestly just cements how horrible of a mother she his.

I would like to apologize to Aiko for giving her to Brenner. Sadly, it's the for the plot.

Also, feel free to guess what Aiko's power is! It should be revealed in chapters 2-3. The full extent of it won't be explored until much, much later, however.

Another fun fact: The reason I made Aiko half-Japanese is because originally this was going to be a Stranger Things and BNHA Crossover. I decided this would be a more fun idea, however, but I still kept the Japanese there because I wanted Aiko to have a Japanese name and this was the only way to justify it.

I'm not really well-versed in the art of history, so some of this might be incorrect. I have no idea if America was open to immigrants or if Japan was allowing people to leave, but for the sake of this

story, they are here.

Have a great day!

2. The Doctor

Notes for the Chapter:

Brenner, get away from the child-

Soft

Warm

Sleepy

… light?

The light hurt her eyes. It wasn't mama's light. It wasn't home's light. When she opened her eyes, she was surrounded by white. She wasn't home. She wasn't with mama. Mama might not have loved her, but she was still *her* mama. She vaguely remembered weird men coming into her home, then black. She couldn't remember what happened in the black.

She wasn't home.

Where *was* she?

There was a noise. A bad noise. Loud. She saw a man walk through the door. He had white hair. Something was wrong about him. He seemed bad. But why? She didn't know. She did know he was bad,

and she should get away.

She noticed she was laying on a bed. It wasn't her bed. It didn't feel right. It was wrong, wrong, *wrong.* It was soft and warm, but it wasn't hers. It didn't feel right.

The man smiled. It was a bad smile. She didn't like that smile. She almost never saw her mama smile, but when she did, it wasn't a happy one. When it was, it wasn't directed at her. But this man's smile was bad in a different way. It made her uncomfortable, like the man was watching her every move. Every twitch, every blink, every breath.

She opened her mouth to wail. She didn't like this man, he was bad, bad, *bad.* She didn't like him, she wanted her mama.

But the man placed a hand on her head, shushing her. Her mama did something similar whenever she cried, but it wasn't as gentle. It wasn't as.. *Kind…*

"Hello, Seven." The man said quietly. He was still stroking her hair, as if she was a doll. She had some toys like that once, some that would break apart if she played with them too hard.

The man quirked his head to one side slightly. "How do you feel?"

She let out a confused noise. This man was bad, wasn't he? Why would he care about how she felt? He didn't act like a bad man. He

acted like a…

“Papa.” She murmured. He acted like a papa. She didn’t have a papa, only a mama. She never saw her papa. She didn’t know who her papa was. Did he love her? Or did he hate her like mama did? Was this man her papa? Had he come back for her?

The man smiled. It was a bad smile again. She didn’t like that smile. It was creepy. It was scary. “Yes.” He confirmed. “It’s your papa.”

“Papa.” She repeated. Her papa? Had he come for her? Did he love her after all? Had he come to love her like mama never would? But if that was true, why did he seem bad?

Maybe if he was her papa, she could overlook his badness? Maybe she could ignore anything bad in her papa if he loved her. Because that meant there was some goodness in him. Her mama was full of bad. She had seen some people before, and they had some bad in them too. Everyone had some bad in them, so why would her papa be any different? She could love him as much as she loved mama.

“You’re safe here.” Her papa said softly. “This is the safest place for you. It won’t be like where you were with your mama.”

Mama. She didn’t know if she wanted to think about her mama anymore. Back at original home, thinking about her mama brought a weird pain to her chest. She didn’t like it. But now that she was here, with her papa, that pain was worse. Now that she had her papa, someone that loved her, did she really need her mama anymore?

She thought not.

She didn't want her mama now that she had her papa. Now that she had someone that loved her.

"Come on, Seven." Her papa lifted her out of her bed and placed her on the floor. "Would you like to see your new home?"

Home. New home. She was curious. What did her new home look like? She stood up. Stumbling her way to her papa, gripping his leg tightly, feeling a warm feeling in her chest when he laughed softly. He took her hand in his - *it was cold. It felt… worn. She felt scared before remembering this was her papa* - and led her out the door.

The moment she stepped out of her new room, it was like a whole new world had spread out, just for her. Papa's home was big. There were other men in the home. They felt bad too, but couldn't she overlook a little bit of badness?

She passed by a window. There was another child there. She looked up at her papa. "Sister?" She asked, pointing at the girl in the window. Her papa chuckled.

"No, Seven, not a sister. Think of any children you see as… friends. Children like you." Her papa responded.

She frowned. That sounded like a sibling to her. But surely her papa would know if she had any siblings, so any children she came across weren't family, but friends.

There were more men with every hallway she passed. Some eyed her strangely, some didn't even pass her a second glance. She didn't mind. She only cared about her papa right now. Her papa was speaking, now.

"Everyone here is a friend, Seven." Papa assured her, likely seeing her warily watch everyone who passed them. "There is no need to be afraid." And, with that reassurance, she relaxed. Everyone here was a friend. Why would papa lie to her?

Eventually, she realized her papa was leading her back to her room. She tugged on his pants, giving him a confused noise. Her papa smiled down at her.

"Don't worry, Seven." He patted her head, leading her into the room. "I will come back. You will be able to meet everyone tomorrow. For now, you must rest." He stood up and led her to her bed, setting her down on it and tucking her in.

"We're going to do so many amazing things together." He smiled, patting her head one last time before exiting the room, turning the lights off and closing the door.

She blinked, before settling into her bed. She closed her eyes, trying to sleep like her papa had instructed her to.

Aiko Seven sighed happily. Seven. She was Seven. Where was her mama?

Seven.

Aiko.

Seven.

She was Seven. That was the name her Papa gave her.

Her mama called her Aiko. She was Aiko.

Settling into her bed, Aiko Seven smiled. She was with her papa now. That was all that mattered.

Soon, she drifted off to sleep, leaving her old life behind.

Martin Brenner smiled to himself as he walked away from Subject 007's room. Admittedly, he hadn't planned on establishing himself as a parental figure to the girl, but that was probably for the best. A young child, neglected and ignored with only one parental figure

who was distant was bound to latch onto the first adult she saw. It only made sense.

And if he was a father to her, it would be easier to experiment on her. Subjects were much more progressive and obedient when they had a parent-child relationship with him. 011 was proof of that.

011. Brenner allowed himself to smile. A very powerful asset, no doubt. But, he theorized that 007 would be just as useful. Based on Ms. Satoshi's phone calls, the child showed some sort of super intelligence or fast learning. Either one could be useful, but super intelligence even more so.

007 had much potential. She could be a key player in Brenner's plans. Perhaps her and 011 would be a strong duo. 007 would be the brains, while 011 was the brawn.

Yes, he thought to himself as he glanced back at Subject 007's room. 007 would be a useful asset.

Notes for the Chapter:

> It was REALLY difficult to write from Aiko's POV. I didn't want it to be like most POV's, mostly because Aiko is an infant and a superpowered child. It was really difficult to write her POV in a way that was different from others. It was hard to decipher what she should know and what she shouldn't know. I have NO idea how to write children, so I apologize if this is horrible.
>
> The oncoming chapters would ideally be longer, but I cannot promise anything. Also, I want to explore life at the lab, so it will be a while until we reach the

main series. We should be at season 1 by chapter 14

Happy reading!